Mead

100 SHEETS

WIDE RULED

11 x 8½in / 27.9 x 21.5cm

1 SUBJECT NOTEBOOK

VALUE QUALITY

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The Madman

Storms down the sidewalk
barking foul invective, guttural
and obscenely at the air ahead of him
unknown enemies except to him
I give him a wide berth,
afraid he might knock me down,
mistaking me for a foe
or colliding with me on
his ~~fanatic~~ fanatic mission to
cleansing the world.
He looks like a mad Jesus,
with his long blond beard and burning eyes.

I wish that Samaritan who,
I once [illegible] so as to give him
a sandwich, both sweet and [illegible]
soon he would be ensconced on a bench
in Bleecker St. park feeding the sparrows,
children would clamber on his knees as
they [illegible] Lord, [illegible] only laughter and
groans - who needs anything are you?
and even the breeze would stop by
and tenderly caress his long curly locks,
with its ~~tender~~ lovers fingers
gentle

Monthly Expenses: C. Hewitt

Rent	425:00
Therapy	80:00
Eating Out	400:00
Phone Bill	70:00
Books	30:00
Typing	50:00
Caregivers	300:00
Copies + Stationery	50:00
Groceries	100:00
Entertainment	25:00
Taxi vouchers + M.V. Van	17:00
Gifts	10:00
Donations	30:00
Papers + Magazines	10:00
Personal Hygiene	15:00
Dentist	100:00
Doctor + Labs	100:00
Pharmacy	15:00
Haircut	20:00
Flowers	10:00
Vacation (savings)	150:00
Psychiatrist	13:00
Post Office	30:00
Total	= 2150:00

Monthly Expenses: C. Hewitt

Rent	425:00
Therapy	80:00
Eating Out	400:00
Phone Bill	70:00
Books	30:00
Typing	50:00
Candy/cigs	200:00
Copies + Stationery	50:00
Groceries	100:00
Entertainment	25:00
Taxi/subway + M.V.on	17:00
Gifts	10:00
Donations	20:00
Papers + Magazines	10:00
Personal Hygiene	15:00
Dentist	100:00
Doctor/labs	100:00
Pharmacy	15:00
Haircut	20:00
Flowers	10:00
Vacation (Saving)	150:00
[illegible]	13:00
Post Office	30:00
Total =	2150:00

~~He always wears a jacket —~~
~~grey linen for summer,~~
~~[illegible] tweed for winter~~

He wears a jacket —
for summer grey linen —
crumpled, fetching, dreary;
for winter [illegible] tweed jersey
dotted with a garnet tone,
that fits him snugly almost sexy
as if he had some internal seam,
as if once he had drawn the most
and admired [illegible].

I wish that by magic I could acquire
his ability.

Queercomp

A beginner's writing course ideal for those thinking of completing that (unfinished) degree, or going back to school in later life. We will cover everything from how to write a sentence, basic grammar to how to write a well organized and fleshed out three page paper. There will be writing exercises and quizzes in class as well as homework assignments based on topics taken from queer culture - dating, queerbashing, prejudice, gayness, laity and religion, problems of gender and race prejudice and so on, or based on the ~~writing~~ work of ~~well known~~ local writers and artists. Several of whom ~~Basic Texts: Evergreen~~ will visit the class to share their work with you.

Texts:

Evergreen ed. Fawcett, Fifth Edition, Houghton, Mifflin.
Norton Sampler Fifth Edition, (Norton)

Elegy for Dennis Riley 1943-1999

Dennis, you were taken from us,
from yourself and teen sons,
just as the drugs were working
just as your [illegible] came back.

In 87 when I had the flu
You brought me chile soup
you had made to cheer me up. As
you went out the door you said
"I love you." — the first man
to say that to me, lovers not withstanding
I first met you in the church at a
concert of your choral music. You
sat in the row behind me, and smiled
at me. I turned around in the pews —
You had a heavenly smile. You
looked like a star. You were.
Your music sparkles still at its
center a dreaming and calm
that a bed of flowing [illegible] who knew you
[illegible]. Sparkle on dear, [illegible]
us. Bless us, for we will remember you
We will remember you.

2150:00
12
yearly Expenses 25800 00
2150:

2150:05

5

2235.00 05

21 50:

[illegible] ?

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the past [illegible]

[illegible]

Act Up, Anyone?

~~Eccentrics~~

Last month I happened to be passing by the headquarters of Act Up here in San Francisco when I saw a flyer posted on the door which read "AIDS is over." I was puzzled ~~and also infuriated~~. Why would an organization begin to fight the disease, lobbying for remedies, increased funding for AIDS research and so on suddenly deny the the very existence of the disease it was formed to combat? I was also offended and infuriated. AIDS is not only not over, but I had a friend die of it recently. Also what about safe sex? Such a sign would I thought only encourage more gay youth to keep practising unsafe sex. (The numbers are increasing rapidly here in San Francisco.) As a writer about AIDS issues and having written articles and being a columnist, my policy on Act Up in the past is to support them with my words rather than "acting up" myself (I've [illegible] "the pen is mightier than the sword" theory. No one was around I noticed so I took a deep breath and bravely (for me) tore up the flyer. I was in the process of doing this, a young man came out the door and asked me what I was doing.

I'm not being very up because I felt offended when I explained why, he attacked me with

Act Up Anyone?

Last month I happened to be going by the headquarters of Act Up there in San Francisco when I saw a huge poster with large letters which read "Anyone else?" I was puzzled and [illegible]

[illegible]

Garbage on the Seventeenth Floor

One day during finals I was crossing the campus en route from the student union to Vanbrugh when I looked up and saw what looked like a black garbage bag being flung off the top storey of the physics building. A few seconds later there was a sound resembling a gunshot. I remember thinking it odd that the sound was so loud but then I thought a bag of garbage would have a loud impact when thrown from the seventeenth floor. The bag full of garbage turned out to be a student from Colombia who had thrown himself off the seventeenth floor because of, said the papers, "finals' stress." A friend of mine happened to be walking past the building at the time. I met him in the Union some minutes later in a state of shock. The body had disintegrated on impact. None of us was surprised by this occurrence. Suicides and suicide attempts during finals are common in Europe. One's whole degree, one's future if you like, depends on your grades in finals which are taken over the span of about two weeks. One gets no

Garbage on the Seventeenth Floor

One day during finals I was crossing the campus en route of the student union to [illegible] when I looked up and saw a what looked like a black garbage bag being flung off the top floor of the physics building. A few seconds later there was a resounding [illegible]. I remember thinking it odd that the bag made a loud thud. I thought a bag of garbage would have landed [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

credit whatever for course work for papers written during the previous three years. These are only taken into consideration if someone has done poorly or failed in the finals. Good grades for papers might save you from expulsion from the University or from total failure of the degree.

Even today I find it impossible to think of my years at University in Birmingham without a sense of bitterness and anger at the brutally competitive and ruthless "system." Naturally I was immensely intimidated by academia from the start. As a first year (freshman) many of my fellow students had been to prestigious high school or even public (what we call private) schools and came wonderfully experienced not only in the writing of papers but having read many of the books we were to study during the next three years. I felt like a country bumpkin which indeed I was. I was in a state of terror for much of the three years, the dreadful specter of the examination rooms hovering over me the entire time. I did most of my studying and paper-writing at home on the weekends when my friends were partying at Birmingham. During the week, I would have liked to be spending time with

credit to others for course work
for students written during the previous
three years. There are only token [illegible]
correlation if someone has [illegible] poorly
or failed in the field. Most of today the
graduate work now from
experience from the University OT
from taking of the degree.

[illegible] C. gives examples of this of
a young [illegible] University in Europe [illegible]
a series of letters [illegible]
including competition [illegible] "system"!
Nationally C. was immensely interested in problem
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] of the three years, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] C. did most of [illegible]
[illegible]
friends [illegible] at Birmingham. During the
[illegible]

them but they were in their dorm rooms or in the library studying in the evenings. I spent many evenings sadly watching the sun go down on the campus, listening to doors bang, the cackle of friends laughter as they returned from the bar slightly tipsy. I remember the deep, aching loneliness in my chest. I wanted a friend. I was the only person in the wheelchair at Birmingham at the time except for a woman paraplegic woman who I hardly ever saw because she was in a different department.

I had been accepted to the University on the condition that I live in one of the special rooms set aside for disabled students above the Student Health Centre. This was a kind of small disabled ghetto. We ate our evening meals in the company of students who were sick with flu, pneumonia, measles, or infections, etc. And the only company was the clinking of knives and forks on the plates juxtaposed with sneezing coughs on the floor of germs. I almost immediately began dining in the Student Union in order to avoid the dismal germ-ridden atmosphere of the Health Centre.

The warden of the centre was an ogre-like retired colonel from the Irish army, one Miss Cromby, who spent more of her

in a nutshell.

time watching Television while managing the backsides of her stuffed dogs as did they the gazed in a glassy-eyed state at the screen. There was a ten o'clock curfew and she would wait like some sinister grey-haired, hunchbacked Judith Anderson (in the movie *Rebecca*) partly concealed by the curtain of her window, to pounce on latecomers, to chastise them as they came in the door. The latecomer was usually myself since the ~~other~~ my two other "ghetto inhabitants" studied in their rooms most nights. ~~Several of~~ I was dependent on the arrangement Ms Crumley to help me get into my wheelchair from my fibreglass three-wheeler car (I did). It's the only campus. If I arrived even one minute past ten she would yell at me for keeping her up all night, even though she'd still tell that she didn't go to sleep till at least midnight (I could tell because her T.V. wasn't quiet at that time). The combination of the loneliness, the ghetto and Miss Crumley leading me to apply as soon as I could to a regular dorm. Several of my friends lived in Flavelle hall in Castle Hall of residence set on a lonely part of the campus adjacent to Edinburgh golf course. There was a lake and rolling green lawns. In applying to the

Hall, I was faced with blatant prejudice for the first time. The director, a cold, starchy gent of fifty who looked as if he had been born in a complete blue suit, was overheard discussing my application with a sneer. "Once we let one person in in a wheelchair," said the director "the place will soon be crawling with them and it'll look like a hospital. Of course attitudes toward disabled people in England have improved considerably since 1968, but Dristreed, on reflection, complains recently that many of the buildings are still inaccessible. While at Birmingham I founded a disabled students club which pushed hard (no pun intended!) for ~~more~~ greater accessibility of buildings, improved attitudes, special equipment to help with studying for the blind, hearing impaired and so on. We met once a month the Vice-Chancellor (the equivalent of the Dean here. At one meeting he had a brainwave, he said. We had been pressing for a larger contingent of disabled students to be admitted. His brainwave was that each new academic year would focus on a different disability. For example he said, 68 could be blind year, 69 deaf year, 70 amputee year and so on. I tried in vain to stop the look of bemused amazement coming

over my face. You see he said "they'd all be able to get together, form clubs, and they'd have so much in common." I could see that disablist prejudice was much more severe than I had first thought. He really excited all three of us members of the club, one of whom was hemophiliac and the other a spastic sufferer, to be totally enthusiastic about his plan. So far as I know his plan never came into fruition, thank God. My friends who still live in Brighton have never reported to make a [illegible] in one [illegible] year, or a [illegible] year at the University. Just think, now that [illegible] has become one of the better known universities, they could have had an all-year [illegible] of little people in chairs with another lobby in East [illegible] against the campus. The Vice Chancellor must be in his eighties now, and if he's still alive perhaps he sees the [illegible] of his ways. Perhaps he says to himself I hope they admit students on the grounds of academic ability regardless of the nature of their disability and make available the necessary facilities. I wonder if he remembers me, the pushy, angry little person in the wheelchair, poorly [illegible] with my first, but [illegible] I hate it.

(the first 9 men).

Being the smallest person on campus out of the 7000 students and as I thought the most ignorant, I spent much of the time while at Birmingham Univ terrified. I was so shy and nervous at mealtime that I couldn't eat with the other students in the cafeteria. Not only was the food pretty repulsive, my stomach was too churned up (I had a perpetual case of "the butterflies in the brain") to eat. I solved the problem by buying food from the store and eating alone in my dorm room – alone again! It had not yet occurred to me to join the camaraderie of the bar. In England then as now you could drink anything you liked on campus as long as you were over ~~twenty-one~~ eighteen. I was so repulsed by alcohol and bars and anything connected with them because of my father's drinking I swore I would never go to a bar let alone drink (later I was to do both to excess!). I was amazed to see "grade A" students coming tipsy out of the bar in my dorm night after night. They would show up the next morning after hangovers, fall asleep in lectures and still get 'A's on their papers.

([illegible])

[illegible]

Being the smallest person on campus [illegible]

[illegible]

Ken Booth 3

707-823-0578

[illegible] I was a woman or [illegible] the quarter [illegible]. The question was how? A male friend decided, [illegible] to ask a woman friend to make an appointment with Healy and tell him ~~[illegible]~~ alone. Healy of his [illegible] why a woman? I always guess, "He's probably at the [illegible]." John might be right. I suspect [illegible] as suspecting that he [illegible] this [illegible] himself, [illegible] up [illegible]. Besides, Healy was supposedly straight despite his physical [illegible] with other professors when they were drunk at faculty parties. Healy, [illegible] by [illegible] nothing. He drank too much and still does as far as I know, but that didn't explain his mistake. I've known a lot of drunks, [illegible] of [illegible] for

wheelchair out the trunk will you?"
Well, I thought at least I've gone from woman to hermaphrodite. That's an improvement [illegible]! I knew that Alan and Jeff were both close

707-823-0528

to Hick (in fact they were both really warming up to him I thought, the [illegible] good grades). Then I became [illegible] of this students. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] all the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]! I [illegible] about the lots of asking each of my friends: "Will I [illegible] (dress) or act like a woman." They all thought the question very odd and when I told them the reason, they were naturally flabbergasted. They [illegible] assured me I [illegible] like [illegible] and I [illegible] like a woman." "What about my chest deformity," I asked. "Couldn't that be made for breasts? And after all, I do have long curly hair and I'm clean shaven."
"No way," they assured me [illegible] my policy, nevertheless, after the ~~[illegible]~~ they advised me to let it out from the hutch [illegible] as soon as possible before the entire

V

Why I grew a beard.

At U.C. Davis in my first semester as a graduate student in the English I was mistaken for a woman by Professor Jack Hicks. I first suspected he had my sex wrong during a conversation he and I had with novelist Herbert Gold who spent one night a week in my dorm as he came up from San Francisco to teach a class in the American novel. When Jack introduced me, he said, "Herb, I'd like you to meet Chris Hewitt, she just arrived here from England." Naturally I thought I had misheard him, that the "she" was intended to be a "he" and had just come out wrong. We were eating dinner; perhaps some food got in the way while he was talking. But about a week later, another grad student, Alan, gave me a ride to my night class which was held at the professor, Karl Shapiro's, house in Davis. As Alan was helping me to get out of the car, he saw to his friend Jeff who was also in the class, "Here you go. Keep your hands off. Get his / her

Why? Dream a need.

At U.C. Davis in my junior semester [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] Natural [illegible]

[illegible]

To get out of the car, [illegible]

[illegible]

The Hornbeam Seed

I was cast far from the hornbeam
tree of home,
– a seed with wings pirouetting –
tiny helicopter of thought –
across wide oceans to another world.
Here I grew with fellow seeds
to be strong and feminine men – proud
in gentleness, the stillness of green
shade our manner of reason.
We are ~~like~~ saplings supporting each other with
our manly trunks leaning ~~against each other~~
– We shed our seeds ~~here close to home~~
~~scattering them~~ like stardust on the
California soil.
Returning home
I may lie on the bed of fallen seeds
I may bask in ~~the~~ your shade, mother,
and feel comforted.
But I am a man now, mother
and you can shade your friends
but not me, not here in [illegible]
I am manly, feminine
tiny helicopter of thought:
I'm still flying.

The Hornbeam Seed

I was cast far from the hornbeam
tree of home
— a seed with wings for sailing —
wing like a flake of paper
and landed across the other seeds.
Here I grew with fellow seeds
to harrowing and Jennie's new - proud
in gentleness, the [illegible] of green
shade and many of brown.
were [illegible] with
[illegible]
— [illegible]
[illegible] on the
California soil.
Returning home
I may lie on the top of fallen seeds
I may look in the shade, rotting,
and [illegible] completed.
But I am wan now, [illegible]
and [illegible]
[illegible]
I am waning Jennie
[illegible]
I [illegible]

The Call

When I was drinking, I was a victim
of magical thinking.
Everything was an omen:
If a bird entered the house,
it meant death.
And indeed, the day
my grandmother died
as a [illegible] killed [illegible]
Two pigeons flew through
my [illegible] in our door
one then other.
For bird means [illegible]
We have the astrologers, ~~the~~ the Tarot readers
to confirm our fears & doubts
But there are the cheerful Cassandras,
telling us that Thursday the twelfth
(I was not Friday the thirteenth)
is lucky and good things would
come to us that day
The opposite of superstition is
perhaps faith in the joyous outcome
of synchronicities.
But This faith is not naive
You can't say — the person with
my life partner across a crowded room
that man will change my life.
[illegible]
[illegible]

The Call

When I was drinking, I was a victim
of magical thinking.
Everything was an omen:
If a bird entered the house,
it meant death.
And indeed, the deeper
my [illegible]
as a [illegible]
The [illegible]
was [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
We have [illegible] the [illegible]
But [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]
([illegible])
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

or knew of a perfect new strictness
or joy for me.
A man who I thought could get
me a cheap air fare abroad
tried one to bring home.
As I must heed the call
of intuition not the ~~?~~ proper
the reality.
I f only ~~?~~ heed the call,
If only ~~?~~ knew the language
of angels.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

On Seeing Vermeer's Lady Seated at the Virginals.

~~You~~ She wears ~~the~~ a pale ~~thin~~ sheepish smile of ~~youthful submission~~. ~~It's~~ as if we the viewer of the painting are her music teacher and she is about to ~~confess~~ beg and confess. "I haven't practiced again. I can't even play a scale let alone Frère Jacques." She hates the virginals, and music in general. She wouldn't even try to play if her father, a wealthy Burgher, [?] insisted. What else can you do with a daughter like you. Let's face it, he said "You're not pretty so you must have accomplishments." How she longs to be married to her older and do only pleases [?] to learn [illegible] behind [illegible] a bad dream; to bring up daughters with a teacher who [illegible] let them do only with. So long ~~as they don't~~. If there ~~are~~ is such a man in the whole of Delft, if there is such a man?

On Seeing Vermeer's Lady Seated at the Virginals.

You She were the [illegible] pale their smile of
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Under the Table
Wildflowers
the Ladybird

Under The Table
With Fewer
[illegible]

The Bull in the China Shop.

My father was the angriest person I have ever met. He would fly into a rage for no reason, or rather no reason we were able to discern. I was six years old when he had his first temper tantrum. I was sitting calmly by the fire on a winter's evening staring at the flames, how they slowly but surely licked at the coals until the coals turned to glowing red embers, pulsating with fire, like blood in a vein, suddenly he leapt to his feet, ran out of the room without a word and slammed the door. The whole house shook afterwards and the silence he left behind was an unspoken word "gone, gone, gone," an unspoken word which echoed down the years of my youth. I asked my mother what had caused him to get so angry. She said he had been looking at the books (the financial records of the hotel. Perhaps he had realised that the hotel wasn't making money, perhaps he had discovered an error in his own calculations, i.e.

knew? As the years went by these stormy outbursts grew in frequency. Three years before his death in 68 my mother made the connection between these violent outbursts and his consumption of alcohol. But for many years we simply resigned ourselves to the fact that he was in some way deranged. Before my mother married him he would sometimes stop at her for a reason, but he kept this down to breakdowns and firings from his jobs.

The slightest thing would set him into a rage. Once he came into the room when I was doing my homework and I smiled at him, just because I was in a good mood, and I was glad to see him before he was my Dad and I was glad he was home. "What the hell are you smiling at he yelled. "Are you laughing at me, are you LAUGHING at me? He glared at me his eyes on fire. He had an underbite jaw like a bulldog exposing his bottom teeth. I almost expected him to growl. "Nothing Daddy, Nothing, I was just smiling at you cause I'm happy

kneed you. "You were laughing at me weren't you. Were you laughing at me. He glared at me menacingly then looked away. He's going to grab my arm and snap it in two with one quick and easy motion, I thought. and then he'll say "That'll take the smile off your face." But he didn't. He turned and stormed out the door, slamming it behind him. He was cleaned water on the way to the pub.

Every evening from the age of seven to twenty one, I was in a state of terror waiting for him to come into the door. I could tell by the sound of his footsteps on the gravel path what kind of mood he was in — heavy or light was angry and fairly were angry, moderate steps and medium tread meant equable, cheerful even. Rarely was he cheerful walking in a room. If he was, my hopes that I had a normal father would rise only to be crushed the next night by a fit of temper. Much of the time he was silent and morose: He never hummed. Yet he had

[illegible] you. "You bet."
worthy of the secrets you're holding [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Every morning [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] And all the time he was
[illegible]

351 Turk St. #701
San Francisco, CA 94102
U.S.A.

9/23/99

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

1, I leave the sum of $200 to my caregiver, Lester Green and the entire remainder of my monetary estate to my aunt, Cicely Norah Jenkins (postal address: P.O. Box 192, Plumstead 7801, South Africa)

2. I leave the painting "the Bluebell Forest" by ... Keller
to my cousin Angela ... [illegible]

2. I leave all my artwork to Steven Foster
the remainder
of 131 Hartford St. Apt. A. San Francisco, CA. 94114.

3. I leave my stereo system and C.D. player to Rudi James of 437. Turk St. San Francisco, CA. 94102

I leave all my compact disks to Joseph Arthur Watkins of 6720 Fulton St. San Francisco, CA. 94121

351 Turk St. #701
San Francisco, CA 94102
U.S.A.

9/23/99

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

1. I leave the sum of $200 to my caregiver, Hector Green and the entire remainder of my monetary estate to my cousin, Gracy Norah Jenkins (postal address: P.O. Box 192, Plumstead 7801 South Africa)

2. I leave the painting "[illegible]" [illegible]

2. I leave all my artwork to Steven Foster of 131 Hartford St. Apt. A. San Francisco, CA 94114.

3. I leave my stereo system and CD player to Rudi Tamayo of 137 Turk St, San Francisco, CA 94102

I leave all my furniture and dishes to Joseph Arthur Watson of 6720 Fulton St. San Francisco, CA 94121

Monthly Expenses

Rent	$ ~~425:00~~ 204.00
Phone	75:00
Food Out	300:00
Food in	75:00
Books	25:00
Stationery	50:00
Typing	100:00
Post Office	25:00
Caregivers	300:00
Bank Charges	30:00
Entertainment	50:00
cell phone	60.00

You spent more than forty
years in an iron lung,
fighting for every inhalation
of air.
You wished to wake up as a woman —
a lovely one too, judging by the photographs,
your feminine side came out
all the more heartbreaking because you
were trapped in that marathon metal
machine. How you longed to
ballroom dance with your partner
across flawless seas of pink roses.

Now wherever you are you are free,
~~You are have~~ walk all the air you need
as a matter of fact
you are dancing on it

Roundhouse Press
P. O. Box ~~914~~ 9145
Berkeley Ca. 94709

I, Christopher Hewitt, agree to hire Scott Banning as my full-time caregiver for the period 4/2/00 thru 4/20/00. I agree to pay him $600 for these services in the form of a round-trip ticket to England by air (SFO to Heathrow). If Scott feels uncomfortable doing something for me not to try to force him to do it, but to discuss the problem and hopefully reach a compromise. If Scott feels he cannot afford to pay for his share of something I would like to have him accompany to,

I agree to respect his wishes and to either defray the cost myself, change my plans, arrange a compromise or find someone else to take care of me. If I need Scott to perform duties above and beyond what is in his contract I agree that if he is willing to do it, I will pay him for the work at $10.00 an hour. I agree to always work above all for our mutual safety and security; to abide by professional et-

et. and to preserve

whistle – not real melodies but strange formless wandering tunes with no beginning middle or end. Perhaps it comforted him in his pain to hear a melody of his own making. I later learned that he usually whistled when he'd had a few drinks.

One night after I'd gone to bed, I rang the bell in my room and my father came up the stairs fast and heavily. I knew I was in for it. He took a transistor radio from my bedside, put it on the shelf above my head so that I couldn't reach it and turned up the volume to "full." Again he went down. I had done no wrong. All I had wanted was a glass of water. Actually, I was lonely, bored, I guess I just wanted some attention. Finally my mother came upstairs and rescued me by turning the radio off. I felt as if I had been beaten by my father. Had I not had brittle bones, he probably would have beaten me. I suppose it's to his credit that he only physically

while - not real melodic but
strong & somewhat tense
intricate & engaging all over. Perhaps
it compelled him in his poem to
wear a jacket & tie anywhere,
I later learned he [illegible]
[illegible] a good friend
also.
One night after I'd gone to bed,
I could hear in my room one
my father come up the stairs for
[illegible] looking. I heard [illegible]
He took a hammer & [illegible]
my bedside, put it on the
[illegible] floor [illegible]
couldn't get [illegible] up the
volume to "full". Again, a
success. I [illegible]
all the house [illegible]
later. A while I was [illegible] putting
under [illegible]. Finally my
father came up to me and, [illegible]
me to turn the radio off. I felt
as if I had been caught in
a trap. [illegible]
[illegible] I [illegible]
[illegible]

abused me there. In my support
groups for recovering ~~alcoholics.~~
alcoholics, I hear many stories
of drunken parents hitting or
physically torturing their kids. At
least my father managed to
control himself so as not to hit
me, even though I lived in constant
fear of his doing so. I always
thought he would kill us all.
I thought one day he'll come into
the house with a shot gun in a
rage and shoot us all. I said
as much once to my mother.
"Don't worry," she said. "Daddy's
much more suicidal than homicidal."
This didn't take away the terror
though. He never hit anyone, my
mother or my grandmother. I now see
that he managed to exercise
remarkable self control and given
the amount of rage he felt and
that it is a miracle he didn't physically
abuse us. It takes very little pressure
on my bones to break them - he could
have easily broken my ribs
by lifting me hurriedly when he was
angry as he often did. He was a

bull in a china shop and we were the china, I being the most delicate piece. What he performed physically against me he let out in the form of verbal abuse. When I was fifteen finally after years of struggling to do really well in school but never coming top of my class because of repeated absences, due to frequent colds, bronchitis, broken bones and so on, I did at the age of fifteen come first. Every month our headmaster announced in his pompous languorous voice our monthly marks at morning assembly. It was a glorious summer day in 1961. He. For the first time I did not dread hearing the results because I had figured I must be first as I have gotten straight A's in most of my subjects, even physics which I hated. My mother drove me to school at 8:30 am as usual. There was mellowness to the countryside at the hour - the birds sang softly punctuated by the persistent voice of the cuckoo floating in on the air among the

built in a chain shop and we were
the children, I being the most difficult
person. Whether [illegible] physically
against me he let out in the form
of physical abuse. When I was fifteen
finally after years of struggling
to do [illegible] was in school [illegible]
never having [illegible] of my [illegible]
of responsibilities at home, due to
frequent colds, infections, [illegible]
became sick [illegible], I did not at the age
of fifteen come first. I never
[illegible] or [illegible] and [illegible]
in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
or [illegible] [illegible] morning [illegible]
It was a [illegible] [illegible] in
1961. He [illegible] for the first time I
did not dread [illegible] the [illegible]
because I had figured I never
before as I have [illegible] a couple
A's in most of my subjects, even
physics which I hated. My mother
drove me to school at 8:30 as
usual. There were [illegible] to
the contrary at the house. [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] by the
[illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible]
[illegible] in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Action Plan:

Go monday night Meeting X (once)
Ask for a new person to help w/writing.
Course descriptions X
Letter to Dentist Mail
pray for willingness to [illegible] quality and to feel [illegible]
Ask for help w/ computer. X
Write gratitude list

PRG. Nov [illegible] at 11 a.m. at St Francis
at JJ's 770 Van Ness #303
C.J. 824-508225
J.J. 931-7817

Gratitude list.

Bdr: 414:4 — My friendship Joe & Steve
Scott 110: 4 — My writing ability
Bdr 304:00 — My courage
J[illegible] — My new apt.
Scott owes Bdr — My co-eg[illegible] Lester, Scott Bdr.
110:40 per week — My sobriety My sponsors Chip Bruce & Jimmy.
a mother 27:60 — My sponsees Teddy & Rudy:
Lr Week — My poetry M.S. Brittle Bones.
My newfound ability to reach out
AA DA SCA.

records or so. One of the boys was waiting nearby with my wheelchair which in those days I used only at school [and which did not fold] at the school gate. I wondered if he had heard any rumors of the results. I looked at him questioningly as my mother lifted me into the chair.

"You came top," he said matter-of-factly in the same tone one might say "Nice day." What I felt was not a rush of elation but a sense of instant relief which put me into a state of what I have now known is serenity, a calm contentment I had not felt since my years as a "toddler" at the hotel.

That evening, I couldn't wait for Daddy to come home. It wouldn't matter this time what mood he's in, I thought, my success will make him happy. He'll be so proud of me — at last! It wasn't presents or material rewards of any kind I was after — only his approval. As soon as he came in the door, I announced the good news. Then the axe fell. "Where did you come in

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] "[illegible]" or
the hotel.

That evening, I couldn't wait
for Bobby to come home. It
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

well. "[illegible] your [illegible]

Moth?" he asked. "Twenty-seventh," I said tremulously. "Then you're an idiot," he yelled, already on his way out the door of his... he slammed with his usual violence on his way to the pub. That remark has haunted me ever since. Of course I knew he was wrong. I knew I wasn't an idiot, that he was being cruel, but I'm sure I internalized it so that on some level while knowing I was the smallest boy in the class, [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible], I felt incompetent any less than [illegible] of it. I no longer feel this way. I have that feeling of serenity more of the time now. I am always top of the class; but, no longer in competition for first place in a high school class, I expect unrealistically, to be the best at what I do — poet, writer, leader, even though in theory the concept of competition in the arts appalls me. I have won competitions. In 1984 I won first place in the

[illegible] "let's go." "Today"
remarkably, I can remember [illegible] "Then
[illegible] "be yelling", always
[illegible]

Kaleidoscope International Poetry Competition from Kaleidoscope Magazine (a magazine for and by disabled people) of Akron Ohio. Because I was a regular contributor to the magazine before the competition, I told myself I had been chosen because of this and not on the merits of the winning poem. I now see my response as a classic knee-jerk response based on the episode with Dad. If I came first something must be wrong. For many years whenever I gave a reading I would find something wrong with my performance — not enough people in the audience, the audience didn't clap loud or long enough. I should have read this or that poem instead and so on. Of course some readings, some [illegible] some prize me more [illegible] than others. Sometimes the audience is dead. Sometimes I read better than others. I am learning to pull myself out of the "never [illegible] enough

questions." I had the Dante.
and the other people. So I'm
not the Poet Laureate. Most
of the Poets Laureate have been
bad poets. The list of Nobel
Prizewinners is interesting. So
is any list of great writers
who didn't win. But I think
I would [illegible] would be
I think, a history of the Early [illegible]
[illegible] on the [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible]. I would [illegible]
reading [illegible] while I'm alive.
I'm [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] with [illegible]
[illegible] gives me [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] in the Dark
Grove. I thought that when I
saw his name on the stone I
wanted [illegible] or [illegible]
[illegible] will [illegible]. Whether they
[illegible]. I felt [illegible]
[illegible], [illegible]. I [illegible]

syndrome." I love what I write. So do other people. So I'm not the Poet laureate. Most of the Poets laureate have been bad poets. The list of Nobel Prize winners is unimpressive. So is any list of great writers who didn't win. But I don't want to be a - as we won't be I know, a victim of the Emily Dickinson syndrome — the posthumous recognized, read, and famous. I want to be read widely while I'm alive. I'm now reading over my MSS. on a regular basis, with the help of a friend who gives me the incredulous [illegible] I never got from my Dad. This summer I went to David's grave. I thought that when I read his name on the stone I would fly into a rage or perhaps cower with fear. Neither thing happened. I felt removed from my love, his love. I drive out

out in the empty cemetery
"I love you buddy as I let
you go."

Spending Plan 3/27 - 4/2

Daily Ecleum	90		B B
Expedutte	25	3/27	175
treatment to Pat.	65		90
	180		85
Scott	120		-5
	300		126
			120
			386

Taxi PAD
to Berit's.

Action Plan

call Berit re taxi fare PAD to her home
re Can she pick her up? Mini Cab?
call Bank at Upton.
re balance.

First of all I want to say that I'm absolutely thrilled to be in S.F. to launch my latest book, Reining in Paris. You may be wondering about the spelling — why reining and not raining in paris — which as I'm sure you all know is an old euphemism for your slip showing or your fly's open, darling, but if I had my way be true to my core: — Anything to [illegible]. Well, Darling, my name is La Reine, La Reine du Coq — I brought you my study (gesture) I know what you're thinking — no, no! it's not Queen of Cock. Coq, Coq in French means cock that's called a rooster. Not the long red thing some of us have between our legs (attached or otherwise) but yes my name is a mouthful. An ex-lover of mine once called me "the mouth with the mouthful." On the other hand his penis was so small you could have picked a canary with it. Except for this lounge — audience from the floor — the lounge lizard in the

First of all I want to say that
I'm absolutely thrilled to be
in S.F. to launch my latest book,
Farewell in Paris. You may be
wondering about the spelling — [illegible]
[illegible] and not [illegible] in Paris
— which do I mean you all know is
an old euphemism for [illegible]
departing or [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] — [illegible]
[illegible] well Paris, my [illegible]
is [illegible]
— I know what you're thinking (I guess)
I know what you're thinking — you
[illegible]
copy. Copy is [illegible]
[illegible]
not the [illegible]
we [illegible]
of [illegible] is
a wonderful [illegible]
called the [illegible] with the [illegible]."
On the other [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

just now? Ah, how did I get my long name. Yes it is a bit unknown now my last line to Rein the Cory Jones. No! I'm not Welsh. My father was one of the Kentish Jones. Somewhere I suppose centuries ago a Jones must have popped over the border from Wales. He's demanded used the rather, and here I am. My two first names. Algernon Swinburne — I was named after the [illegible] the poet A.G. — you know he was the poet D.G. Rossetti. Born-into-happy [illegible] sleep. Once A.G. was screaming all night. He loved to be whipped by women. It's very hard a mother complex and so you. Apparently D.G. said all the screams were high-pitched — he could not tell who was screaming A.G. or the woman that enters me to A.G. perhaps he was a Queen after all. Isn't it fitting that my last name he Rein means Queen. Another question — do I know the Queen mother? Of course one does. Every queen in England every

queen who is anyone that's
Kasuska. Of course poor dear
is 99 now - she's had so many
face lifts it's like talking to a
face mask rather than a face.
Ah I remember the days when
she was so lovely, launching all
those ships (imitates "I name
this ship Flying Fiend, I name
this ship Rule Britannia, I name
this ship Intrepid" and so on. All that
water damage. I bet the sailors
on board wished they could get their
hands on it. I always liked that
song what shall we do with
the drunken sailor (sings) early
in the morning. Probably because I
could think of lots of things to
do with a drunken sailor early
early in the morning. In fact I've
done quite a few of them.
"Fly Naib." That's for only
homme de Paris - they call
it "aurenticelle." "Shows
them to audience (something

again who is anyone that
knows. Of course you do not
to 99 years. These jobs are many
for a light it's like boiling to a
fore work bulletin a force.
At @ remember the day when
she was a lovely, looking all
there shape (curtain) "@ were
their Ship of Flying Fancy, @ were
their ship Rule Britannia, @ were
the big "wheels" care's. All their
water glamorous. There the notion
or [illegible] when they crossed their
work art. @ always liked the
zany [illegible] the world
the Grand salon (age) early
in the morning. Repeating [illegible]
conversation of [illegible] thoughts
he will ordinarily also say
always Dancing. In fact @'d
remember a piece of the.
"Tea hall." "Hot" for only
[illegible] — They called
it "unaccountable". Therein
[illegible]

another beauty I them is they don't chip or peel. Of course the nation looks to i Ranken for us queen.
That's Okay I don't dye my hair like that instead Q with Crisp. Anyolt quelin "Yes. What do I think of Q.C.? Well put it this way. If he'd been born in this country his name would have been Quelin Potato chip - I think that about sums up my feelings for her doe you? You know my grandmother - dear Lady Henrietta used to say
Remark
A. It's alright to be a [illegible]

anatta beauly [illegible] them in
ttou hour shoot [illegible] appeal.
Of course the values [illegible] is
[illegible] you a speech.
Hoti Bhu © devil dugs hy
[illegible] that [illegible]
Q lectu Group. A ryolk
dealin "70. What do
think of Q.C.? Well put
with the war. © If he'd been
born in this country
his name would have
been Quentin Poladchy
-© think that about
sums up my feelings for
Nardo's you? You know my
grandmother - they look
[illegible] [illegible] Z [illegible]
pomade
A. [illegible] allowed to be [illegible]

and think you're a nobody.
but it's not as tragic to be
a nobody and think you're
a somebody. Fortunately I am
a somebody and I know it!
Well darling I must dash
off now. I have to catch the
Concord at nine o'clock.
– another book promo –
a homo promo as I call
it. Who cooks my scarf.
Must be do an Isadora
Duncan with my scarf –
one knows her you know –
bye darling, bye ...
Oh oh the title of my next book?
Bastard Queen out of Tonbridge
Wells – à la Radclyffe Hall.
One knows her you know – Ned

as think you're a nobody.
but the people take
a nobody and think you're
anybody. Fortunately I am
a nobody and I know it!
Well darling I must dash
off now? How the cold It
Crazy at this o'clock.
— another look [illegible] —
a newspaper and all
it. Whoops my sorry.
Where are on [illegible]
Never was my sorry —
overheard her you know —
bye darling, bye ---!
What the hell is my next look?
Barbara Queen ask of [illegible]
well - o'the [illegible] Palace
overheard her you know — [illegible]

a dear - bye - bye. . .

Don't I know you from the opera.
oh I love the opera. In fact
I would have been a diva myself
but I had a singing teacher who
told me: "Darling the you have
the temperament, you look
fabulous but the problem
is, you can't sing!"

Next book.
Ben

a hoo-ray-ray...

Let's hear from the Dean.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Agree: "Darling the year has

be temporary; you know

Solutions out the problem

is, fascinating!"

Next week

Bob

I, Scott Banning, agree to act as full-time caregiver for Christopher Hewitt for the period 4/2/00 thru 4/20/00. I understand that my pay for this is $600 which I have already received in the form of a free round-trip ticket to England. During this period I will be responsible for [illegible] Chris in his wheelchair in and out of taxis and on and off public transportation. I will also take Chris to the bathroom whenever he needs to go (including on the plane). I will cook meals when needed, do errands, shop for food and do Chris' laundry. I understand that I will be responsible for paying my own share of transportation costs, movies, concerts etc. and eating out except when Chris may decide he wishes spontaneously to pay for us both (when he can afford to). I understand I have the right to refuse to do anything for Chris which he asks that is not includ

above and I promise to let him know if I am not happy or do not feel comfortable doing something for Clay and that whenever there is a problem for me I will let him know so that we can talk it through and resolve it. I understand that I have the right to be alone whenever I wish provided that this does not interfere with my responsibilities as a caregiver. I agree to always work for our mutual safety, security and observe professional etiquette. Above all I am committed to preserving our relationship as friends and professionally.

Signed

Scott Banning
3/28/00

Reina Du Coq

Being in Paris
Reina du Coq.
Think etc.
Explain Reine

Jones - the Kentuck v.
the Welsh.

The Crown?
No coronet.
Jewels spiel.
Elizabeth T. one knows ...

Nails - Lancome de Paris!
Hair - only fake - dyes.
Not like that dreadful Q.C.
Spiel - doing the ... ... of the
dead. ... - Somebody spiel
Queen Mother - Haunt - ...

Jace Mark
Landing ...
Dorothea ...

Reina Du Coq

Reina in Paris
Reina du Coq.
Think etc.
Explain name

Tonga - the Market & the walk.

The Crown?
No corset.
Tamala Special
Everybody? - [illegible] -
Nails - Lancaragde Paris!
Hair - only joke - ego.
Not like that over at D.C.
Spiral - Jake Heads ill of the
door. Ornamentalle. Something Special
Queen Mother - Hat - Parlette

Jazz Works
Humming [illegible]
Dorothea [illegible]

Paris - Gertrude Stein
room.
Rock.
A rose is a rose -
poetry she.
Alice - women

Next book -
Bertrand Queen

Exit - Woman ....
One remember you know

~~Hope~~

~~Day~~ Trip

will my might

On a day trip to the Cotswolds,
when I was almost jokey,
We had tea in the café
in Tewkesbury.
At the next table
a couple in their forties.
The man, tanned with
[illegible] curly hair, moved them to
~~[illegible]~~ silver earrings
inlaid with turquoise.
~~and with long [illegible]~~;
They held hands shyly
under their table like teenage lovers.
gazed into each other's
eyes, ~~[illegible]~~
~~like they [illegible]~~
~~teenagers~~ gazing with ~~[illegible]~~ as in adoration
devotion at each other green Morris
motor in the car park ~~[illegible]~~
as I watched them drive away in the Rover
she lay her hand on his shoulder
he put his arm around her,
the other gray head staring ahead,
out across they went into their
possible future,
Taking with them all my

Hope

Day Trip

On a day trip to the beach [illegible]
There I was, alone, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
The ocean, [illegible] with
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

teenage boys
trapped as I've written them
in my adolescent queerness,
off they went
eager with a young
to see the views
from the top of the next hill
and the next
and the next.

Do they still [illegible]
whether (or many they will die)
in their wheelchairs
in the old folks home,
were they happy?
[illegible] children
was he an idiot?
he an architect?
it doesn't matter,
better to remember
them at that moment,
treasure them for what
they gave me: hope.

leaving behind
wrapped in white
in [illegible] darker season,
all them went.
disappearing with a sound
like rain the waning
from the top of the roof hill
among the roots
[illegible] at last.

do they still hold back
whether I carry them in my dreams (in my mind)
with their shoulders
in the dark [illegible] home,
where they [illegible] ?
[illegible]
what are they [illegible] ?
be an [illegible] ?
it doesn't matter,
whatever'll happen.
there all that matters
because there you are
they give me : hope.

Perception

On a clifftop in Reens
When I was driving
looking out over the
grey Irish Sea,
I saw heavy storm clouds
building up like purple wrath;
Rough: Beneath the clouds wide
sunbeams splaying out
like the fingers of a giant hand
dividing fingers [illegible] dipping in the water
"Looks like the Holy Spirit," I said
to my mother. She smiled, that
annoying (for children) [illegible]
puzzled smile that grownups
give kids. The kids ~~[illegible]~~ convey
in a [illegible] way ~~[illegible]~~
grownup themes."
"Well you could put it like that
way," she said.
It was then I realised:
I was different.
It was my perception.
I had my camera.
photographed the scene.
when the film was developed
then they'd see I was right

Perception

One day [illegible] been
when I [illegible]
[illegible]
again I think so,
I seen heavy storm cloud
rolled up [illegible] swell:
Beneath the dark [illegible]
[illegible]
like the [illegible]
[illegible]
"[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
"Well you can put it like
[illegible]"
I [illegible]:
I see different.
Our own perception.
I [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
- the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
NO [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible].
But I had [illegible] the memory.
I had grown [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] a new sensibility.
I had become a poet

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

PRG 3/19/00

New Actions

1. Letter to dentist
2. Ask for help
3. Pray for willingness
4. Mail log book
5. 40 pages to Mercury house press
6. Create contract with Scott for trip/spending plan
7. list Bank and other bills. and statement periods
8. Talk with friend about eating out/people pleasing
9. Talk with Steve about repayment in may.

10. call for pick up from Airport. & find out concert ticket prices; ask about train London $ Worchester, Kent, Manchester
11. Call Britrail

Spending plan for trip

18 days (2- 20) us - 500, UK - 300 | 7~~1~~0

Trip 426 -

Stay - ~~0~~
Food -
Transportation -
Ent -
Phone -
Postcards -

to airport - 11 + tip = 13
from airport - friend
prudent Reserve - $42

Between Now and 2nd
Rent -
Pac Bell - ?? 30 estimate.
Caregiver - $140 - 140
Book - $10

April Rent 204

3/19 - ~~$4~~1, $518

Food out - 140
Steve - 160
Groceries - ~~40~~ $20
Entertainment - $10
Personal products - $10

7th trad - $10

Beach, Lobster Pots and Portloe's

London – staying at friend's for 1 week

Kent –

Worcestershire – Mom going on [illegible]

Kent

Manchester –

Beach Lobster Pots and Portfolios

London - staying at friend's for 1 week

Kent -

Worchestchire - Mom going on 9th or 10th

~~Kent~~

Manchester -

$ in Bank: ~~$500~~ $445

3.19 – 4.1

Pre-Trip

Caregiver: $140
$140

PacBell: ? $ 30?

Personal: 10

7th Trad: Ø

Eat In: 20

Eat Out: 140

Entertainment: 10

Bank: 8

TOTAL: $498

4.1 $330 S.S.
– 204 Rent
$126

Bank London – 300
+ 126
– 53
$373

Trip 4.2 – 4.20

Travel SuperShuttle: $ 13

Train :

Train :

Train :

Entertainment – Concert 1:

Concert 2:

Museum :

Other :

Phone Calls :

Postcard / Postage :

Food :

Prudent Reserve : $37

TOTAL:

4.3 $380 S.S.I. for when you get back – ~~2 weeks~~ 10 days

Dear Mitch,

Thank you very much for arranging for [illegible] at [illegible] accessible [illegible] for the [illegible] bathroom.

While I appreciate the fact that these [illegible] have been finally taken care of, I [illegible] that I feel strongly that [illegible] you [illegible] for [illegible] that may seem relatively [illegible] to you as able-bodied folks, are often major obstacles to individuals, including users of [illegible], [illegible] or [illegible] who [illegible] are [illegible] (i.e. the A.D.A.). I trust that in the future, when such [illegible] they will be [illegible] the [illegible] they deserve and attended to promptly.

[illegible]

Sincerely, [illegible]

Dear Mitch,

Thank you very much for arranging for the buzzer to the front door to be installed at wheelchair-accessible height and for the faucet to be fixed in the bathroom.

While I appreciate the fact that these matters have been finally taken care of, I need to say that I feel strongly that it took you guys far too long (over a year) to get around to them. What may seem relatively minor logistical matters to you as able-bodied folks, are often major obstacles to us disabled ~~folks~~, impeding us in our daily lives, endangering our health and furthermore are, if not attended to, breaking the law (see the A.D.A.). I trust that in future, when such issues are brought up by clients of [illegible], they will be accorded the seriousness they deserve and attended to promptly.

Thanks again

Sincerely Clas Hewitt

Dear Nick,

Thank you very much for sending [illegible] [illegible] to the front door to be [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] are for the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

While I appreciate [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] finally taken care of. I [illegible] that I feel strongly that it's [illegible] you [illegible] for [illegible] every day, to get around them. What [illegible] seem relatively [illegible] [illegible] to you [illegible] [illegible] are [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (A.T.A.). I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Respectfully,

[illegible]

Sincerely, [illegible]

PULP

GLC 67
Hewitt

Notebook [100 sheets blue cover], 1999-2000, undated

1/10

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